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CHURCH DIRECTORY.

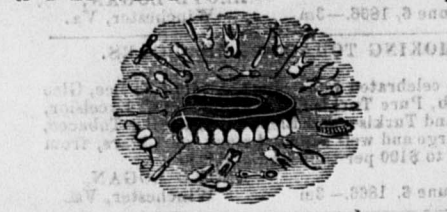
PRESBYTERIAN.
HARRISONBURG CHURCH, corner of Main and Elizabeth Streets. Rev. T. D. Bell, Pastor.
Sabbath School every Sabbath at 9 o'clock. Prayer Meeting every Tuesday night.
ROCKINGHAM CHURCH, Main Street, adjoining the Post Office. Rev. C. C. Ivins, Pastor.
Sabbath School every Sabbath at 9 o'clock. A. M. and P. M. services every Sabbath at 11 o'clock. A. M., every alternate Sabbath.

METHODIST.
ANDREW CHAPMAN, German Street, near West Market. Rev. P. F. Ayer, Pastor.
Sabbath School every Sabbath at 9 o'clock. A. M. and P. M. services every Sabbath at 11 o'clock. A. M., every alternate Sabbath.

MASONIC.
ROCKINGHAM UNION LODGE, No. 27, F. A. M., meets in Masonic Temple, Main Street, on the 1st and 3rd Saturday evenings of each month.
ROCKINGHAM CHAPTER, No. 4, R. A. M., meets on the 2nd Saturday evening of each month, in Masonic Temple, Main Street.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JAMES H. HARRIS,
SURGEON DENTIST,
101 N. 1st St., Harrisonburg, Va.



GRADUATE OF THE BALTIMORE COLLEGE OF DENTAL SURGERY.
RESPECTFULLY informs his old patrons and the public generally, that he has recently returned to his practice, and is permanently located in Harrisonburg, Va.
He is prepared to perform all operations upon the mouth and throat, and to insert artificial teeth from one up to a full set, on the Silver, Gold or Vulcanite Plate.
All operations warranted to compete with any performed in the city or elsewhere.

TERMS INvariably CASH.
Office and residence removed next door to Locke & Company's Store, Main St., Oct. 11, 1866.

W. W. S. BUTLER,
MEDICAL CO-PARTNERSHIP.

DRS. BUTLER & OFFUTT,
Have associated themselves in the practice of Medicine and Surgery.
Special attention will be given to the treatment of all Diseases of the Eye and Ear.
We may be found at the residence of Dr. Butler, at the corner of Hill's Hotel, on Main St., at night Dr. B. may be found at his residence, opposite Mr. H. H. Church, on Main St. Dr. O. at the Female Seminary.

MEDICAL NOTICE.
DRS. GORDON & WILLIAMS
Have again associated themselves in the practice of Medicine.
Office in the building, formerly occupied by Joseph Shue, at a Book Store. [Dec 13 1866.]

BRYAN, WOODSON & COMPANY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
HARRISONBURG, VA.
ALLAN C. BRYAN, JOHN C. WOODSON and W. B. COMPANY have associated themselves in the practice of Law in the County of Shenandoah, Va., and will also attend the Courts of Shenandoah, Page, Highland and Pendleton.
John C. Woodson will continue to practice in the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia. Nov. 22, 1866.

G. W. BERLIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HARRISONBURG, VA.
Will practice in the Court and the adjoining counties. Office in Bank Row, at the Court House. [Jan. 31, 1866.]

J. N. LIGGETT, CRAS. A. YANCY
LIGGETT & YANCY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
HARRISONBURG, VA. Office immediately opposite the American Hotel. [Nov. 29.]

AUCTION & COMMISSION HOUSE.
(Under Clary's Photograph Gallery),
HARRISONBURG, VA.

My mind being impressed with a due appreciation of the fact that there are people in the country who own a thousand and one large and small things, entirely useless to themselves, which they cannot get rid of any other way than by public auction, I have decided myself at this place for the purpose of selling all such things on a small commission.
Consignments of every species of merchandise respectfully solicited. I will sell all kinds of property, from a fish-hook to a fine carriage.

SALES ATTENDED THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.
No effort spared in giving satisfaction to all. I have also on hand a fine and second-hand McClellan Saddles, Harness, split-bottom Chairs, and a small lot of Merchandise, all of which I will sell on a small commission.
Produce taken in exchange.
Give your humble servant a call and let him talk to you about these things.
May 25, 1866.

J. W. JORDAN,
NEW BAKERY AND CONFECTIONERY
P. WRIGHT & SON,
Public Square, next door to D. M. Switzer's, HARRISONBURG, VA.

We have opened, in the house formerly occupied by Dr. Gordon, a Bakery and Confectionery establishment, where can be found
FRESH BREAD, RUSKS, CAKES, CANDIES, FRUITS, AND CONFECTIONERY.
SINS, FIGS, NUTS & EV-ERY DESCRIPTION.
Weddings and Parties can be furnished at short notice with as fine Cakes as they may desire, on reasonable terms.
Parties in town can at all times be supplied with FRESH BREAD AND ROLLS, which we will ensure to give entire satisfaction.
With a desire to accommodate and please the public, we respectfully solicit a share of their patronage.
May 24th

OKNEY SPRINGS.
This popular and well-known watering place, situated 12 miles West of Mt. Jackson, in Shenandoah County, Va., will be open to the public to receive visitors on the 1st of June.

Coaches will be ready to convey persons from Mt. Jackson to the Springs at all times during the season, over an excellent graded road. The proprietors pledge themselves to do all they can to make visitors comfortable, and to enjoy their journey at Orkney pleasant and satisfactory.
Reg. Board \$12 per week, or 40 per month of four weeks.
May 23-30 JAS. M. BRADFORD & CO.

OLD AMERICAN HOTEL,
Corner Market and Water Streets,
WINCHESTER, VA.

The above House has been re-opened, and the proprietors solicit a share of the public patronage. Stages and Omnibuses will convey passengers to and from the House.
May 30, 1866.

WOOL WANTED.
To fill an engagement we wish to purchase 10,000 pounds of Wool, for which we will pay the cash or receive in exchange goods and services.
April 1. SHACKLETT & NEWMAN.

The Old Commonwealth.

"IMPRIMATUR"

CUSHEN & SHEIRY,
Publishers and Proprietors.

VOL. I.

HARRISONBURG, VALLEY OF VIRGINIA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1866.

NO. 35.

TERMS \$2.50 PER ANNUM,
Invariably in Advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
Transient advertising inserted at 75 cents per square of ten lines for every insertion.
One Square, one year, \$10.00
Two Squares, one year, 15.00
Three Squares, one year, 20.00
Quarter Column, one year, 25.00
Half Column, one year, 30.00
One Column, one year, 35.00
Special Notices 20 cents per line for every insertion. Announcements for office and all personal communications charged as advertisements.
Marriage and Obituary Notices not exceeding five lines inserted without charge.

JOB PRINTING.
We are prepared to do every description of Job Printing at reasonable rates.

A Yankee Trade.

A certain farmer who in the course of a few years purchased several dollars' worth of goods, (and always paid for them), called at the store of a village merchant—his regular place of dealing, with two dozen brooms, which he offered for sale. The merchant examined his stock and said:
"Well, Cyrus, you will give you a shilling apiece for these brooms."
"Oh, no," said Cyrus, "I can't begin to take that for 'em, no; but I'll let you have 'em for twenty cents a piece, and not a cent less."

Cyrus, you are crazy," replied John. "Why are you showing a fine lot of brooms, there is an article a great deal better than yours, (which was true) which I am retailing for twelve and a half cents a piece, (which was not true by seven and a half cents)."
"Don't care for that," answered Cyrus; "your brooms are cheap enough, but you can't have 'em for less than twenty cents, anyhow; and I'm willing to be more than half angry, shouldered his brooms and started for the door."

The merchant getting nervous over the loss of a good customer, and fearing that he might go to another store and never return, called after him.

"See here, Cyrus, hold on a while. If I give you twenty cents for your brooms, you will not object to take the price of them out in goods?"
"No, I don't care if I do," said Cyrus.
"Well, as you are an old customer, I will allow you twenty cents a piece for this lot. Let me see—twenty-four times twenty makes just four hundred and eighty cents. What kind of goods will you have, Cyrus?"

"Well, now John, reckon it don't make any difference to you what sort of goods I take, does it?"
"Oh, no, not at all—not at all," said the merchant.
"Well, then, as it don't make any difference, I will take the amount in them brooms of yours at twelve and a half cents a piece. Let me see—four dollars and eighty cents will get thirty brooms. This broom whole ten cents. It don't make much difference, John, about the ten cents, but as you are a right clever fellow, I believe I will take the change in tobacco."

When Cyrus went out of the door with his brooms and tobacco, the merchant, with a serious looking out at the month, during which time he was distinctly heard to violate the third commandment several times, by the bystanders, who all enjoyed the joke.

Freckles are removed in a surprisingly short time, by a perfectly new process which probably no one besides the writer is acquainted with. It is a simple and safe process, and will remove all freckles from the face, neck, and chest. It is a new and original discovery, and is a great benefit to the human race. It is a new and original discovery, and is a great benefit to the human race. It is a new and original discovery, and is a great benefit to the human race.

The days of low wit, bullionery, story-telling, tyranny, usurpations, military despotisms, and intolerant prescriptions are passed forever, for the people of America will have no such suicidal, murderous foolishness. The lessons of the past have been too dear for us all. And now is the time to think of these things—to figure up which cost the country the most, Democracy and peace, or Republicanism and ruin, war, robbery and desolation. Look at the record, and see for yourselves, brother working men of America.

There is a story of a celebrated French preacher, who, on delivering a sermon on the duty of wives said, "I see opposite in this congregation a woman who has been guilty of the sin of disobedience to her husband, and in order to point her out to universal condemnation, I will fling my breviary at her head. He lifted his book, and every female head instantly ducked."

What singular creatures girls are. Offer one of them good wages to work for you, and ten chances to one if the old woman can spare one of her girls. But just suppose matrimony, and see if they don't jump at the chance of working a lifetime for their victuals and clothes.
"I tell you," said a warm friend of a newly elected Senator, to an old sober politician, "your party may say what they please, but cannot deny that Mr. C. is a sound man. That's just what we are all on," replied old beowulf; "it's our opinion that he's all sound."

A RABBIT CROWN.—A Republican in Maryland, who served out his time of 30 days in the Augusta jail, was asked when he came out how he liked it. "I had a bully time," said he. "There were 70 inmates of the jail, and not a d-d Democrat amongst the lot."

WHAT A NAME!—A man in Washington Territory has recently named an infant as follows: John Elmer, Sherman, Sheridan, Mc-Bus, Kilpatrick, Thomas, Farragut, Butler, Lyon, Osterhaus, McDowell, McClellan, Sigel, Fremont, Grant. [It is impossible that that child can live.]

PAPER.—We understand one house in New York has imported 70,000 roams of paper, and that a decline must soon take place. There never was a more unscrupulous monopoly than the present one that controls the price of paper.

The woman who undertook to scour the woods has abandoned the job, owing to the high price of soap. The last that was heard of her she was skimming the seas.

A youngster, on coming home from his first term at a boarding school, said he had been fed on "multiplication tables hashed, and stewed abstraction."

A man complaining of a sunstroke was asked what he meant, as he looked in good health. "Twin boys," by the favor of my wife," he answered.

THE DIFFERENCE.—Forney is renowned by negroes, and the President and his Cabinet by white men. Every one is known by the company they keep.—Washington Union.

A confirmed teetotal was bothered how to honor his birthday. A brilliant idea struck him. He kept sober.

The Empress Eugenie has just completed her 40th year. Quite a matter ago for a leader of the fashion.

An Irish paper advises, "Wanted, an able bodied man as a washerwoman."

POETRY.

CAN THERE BE HARM IN KISSING?

The waters kiss the pebbly shore,
The winds all kiss the hills;
The sunbeams kiss the tulip bud,
For the odor it distills.
The dew-drops kiss the rose at morn,
The cereus dews at eve,
The fern and flowers, in circling clasp,
Their mystic beauties weave.
The moonbeams kiss the clouds at night,
The stars gaze kiss the sea;
White shadows dreamy, soft and light,
Are kissing on the lee.
The sapphire kiss the budding pink
That blooms on beauty's lip;
And ruddy blazes, though cold and chill,
Its ruby nectar sip.
The winds, the waves, the budding flowers,
The laughing, merry rills,
Are kissing all from morn to eve,
And clouds still kiss the hills.
Even heaven and earth do meet to kiss
Through tears of sparkling dew,
In kissing, then, can there be harm?
I don't think so—do you?

ORIGINAL STORY.

TOO FAST.

By SINGLETONS.

"Well, Colonel," said the General, in his dry tone, "don't you think it would suit as well for you to escort her home yourself?" and the General slyly laughed.
"But I did not hope—"
"Well, here is an order setting you free for ten days."
In a few hours Marthon, with Miss Ferman, was on his way to his home in the Shenandoah Valley, doubly happy. Happy in having his early visitor of a few months since as his companion; and happy in having a furlough in his pocket.

A furlough—how the heart of a soldier leaps, even now, at the very mention of the word. Who does not remember the trouble, the vexation, it was to get an application started, even from regimental headquarters, and how your heart leaped as you stood at the Colonel's elbow, and seen him write the words, approved, and respectfully forwarded, and seen it thrown upon a pile of official documents to be forwarded to Brigade headquarters. Then you returned to your camp silently happy, wishing to be left alone with your joy; your thoughts travelled all night with that precious bit of paper, and you see it in your imagination, as it was handed from Brigadier to Major General, and from Major General to General-in-Chief, and you imagine you see the A. A. G. pick up his pen and in his hold hand put down his signature, approved, by order of General Lee. You wait awhile and then go to headquarters to see if it has been returned. The Colonel smiles at your impatience and tells you it could not possibly return before another day. You pass another restless night, and in the morning you visit headquarters again. The Col. is writing. You hear him sigh as he hands a paper to you. You look at it and read, "returned, disapproved." You drop the paper and return to your duty with a heavy heart, hoping for better luck next time. But if it should happen to contain the words, approved, you scarcely stop to thank your Colonel, who, perhaps, by some extra endorsement has obtained it for you, but rush at once to your camp-fire, waving the paper over your head, crying, "boys, I've got it!"

No inducement can hold you till the morning time is too precious to a soldier to permit him to stop him from going to his loved ones at home. And while he is fixing knapsack and turning over arms to the officer, his comrades all around are busy scribbling, with pen and pencil, on letter, note and foolscap, and some on pieces of envelopes, epistles to loved ones at home. He finally leaves, loaded down with precious messages and letters to the friends of his comrades; and as he marches each one gives him a hearty cheer, hoping in his heart that he will be the next.

CHAPTER II.
Colonel Alfred Marthon has arrived at home, and has witnessed the hearty welcome given to his protégé by his parents and sisters. When they heard her story, they vied with each other to make her welcome. She was assured that she need seek no other home; but as long as the war continued that should be her resting place. In the evening Marthon found her sitting under an old oak that stood in front of the house in tears.
"Miss Ferman, and in tears!" exclaimed he, "why is this?"
"Ah! Colonel, these are tears of joy, joy that being a stranger in a strange land, I have found such a home as you have brought me to."
"Speak not of that; you are welcome, and we hope you will be contented."
She gave him a look that caused him to turn his head, and walk away, lest he be tempted to speak such words, as he could not now speak with honor, and his heart bounded with grief when he thought that perhaps he never could. Alfred Marthon was engaged to another, whom he thought he loved with all his soul until he met this beautiful stranger. Henceforth there is a struggle, and his heart between love and duty, and the question springs up, shall I marry where I have promised? Duty answers yes, and tells him that honor is more sacred than love or life; while love answers, no, for you would make not only yourself but another miserable through life. The battle has commenced—the field is the heart of a noble, proud Virginian—the Generals commanding are love and duty—we will see who wins the battle.

Three days have passed since the incident related above occurred. A few miles from the residence of old Mr. Marthon there stood a noble looking old house imbedded in a grove of oaks, the leaves of which twined by the frost of the coming winter, had commenced falling, and the evening breeze now played with them, dashing them here and there—now covering the gravel walk with the brown leaves, making a soft bed for the foot to fall upon—and now, in a gleeful spirit, whirling them away, leaving the white gravel exposed and as clean as though swept by a broom. Now for a moment it is quiet and the brown leaves lie still where it last dropped them, then picking them up again, as if in wrath at their very quietness, it whirled them over the tops of the tall oaks, out into the road, for horse and man to tread upon. A young girl faced the stone floor of the porch, occasionally gazing down the avenue, and stopping to listen, as though she was anxiously expecting some one to appear. As twilight came on, she heard the clatter of horses' feet in the road, then they turned up the avenue, and you could tell, by the smile that lit up the girl's face, that it was the one she expected. It was Alfred Marthon making his first visit since his return to his betrothed wife.

"I have waited so long! Why did you not come sooner?" asked she, as he came up the stone steps.
"It was not that I did not wish to see you," answered he, "and you could not tell by his tone that there was a battle going on within."
"But you have been here three days, and this is the first sight I have had of you. I knew you was at home, and heard that you brought as your companion, a beautiful young Marylander, who was compelled to leave her native State to save herself from persecution for her adherence to the South."
"And it was this, dear Alice, that kept me from your side. The calls of hospitality must be obeyed, and I have been detained from your side, trying to make my new found friend happy in her new home. You will not be jealous, Alice?"
"Jealous? What of? No, Alfred, I have no fear but that you are all that think you, otherwise I would wish to die. I will join with you in trying to make her happy. I want when I heard of her situation, and will soon, now that you have visited me, go to see her."
"Will you return with me, Alice?"
"Willingly, if you remain till morning." Alfred Marthon could not stand by his betrothed without feeling his old love to her return, and he caught at the idea of taking her back with him, of keeping her there, hoping by this means to conquer the passion that had sprung up for the beautiful stranger. Vain hope. Alice was one of those gentle, warm-hearted girls that are made for wives and mothers, and after having once made a home, keep all its members around it with the golden cord of love; but she was no beauty—she was not witty—only loving, affectionate. And how many men there are who have passed by just such women, mated themselves to beauty, and now would give the world for the lovely, homely woman he passed by with a sneer. But it is too late.

His welcome by Alice Williams' parents was such as only Virginians know how to give to a friend and neighbor, especially as that friend and neighbor was considered as the future husband of their only daughter. He related the few adventures he had met with in the army; and as they did not take much time, as the adventures of an officer of infantry are not so many or exciting as in the more active branch of the army. The old folks soon retired leaving the young ones together, and Marthon was congratulating himself, that his passion for Miss Ferman was only a fancy, and that he truly loved Alice, and knew it since he had seen her again. Reader, have you ever been situated thus? Loving two ladies, when you were in the presence of each; and found yourself ready to say, "I could be happy with either, were the other dear charmer away." You need not throw back your head young lady and say, no true man could do that; for I tell you many a true man has found himself in just that situation; and perhaps if you could look into the heart of that young man that sits by your side, you would find it in a perfect palpitation because of its inability to choose between you and that bright-eyed girl across the room. But my pen is running clear off with me.

his thoughts were fixed on the stranger there; he grew silent, almost moody. The battle had only lulled—it was commenced again.
The gate leading to the house was opened, and in a few minutes the pair was dismounted, and standing on the porch in front of the house, where Alice was being welcomed by the inmates. Laura Ferman was there and when the two were introduced, Alfred's evil spirit prompted him to look and confront the two as they stood side by side. There was too much contrast, and Alfred turned away to lead the horses off, lest the company should discover almost his thoughts by his face. It was beauty against love—beauty conquered. Laura had been told by Alfred's sister the object of his visit away from home the evening before, and as she now looked upon Alice, her eyes seemed to say, "So you are the one that holds the troth of this proud Virginia Colonel. You will have me to fight for him yet, so take care of your laurels!" But when Alice looked into her face she saw nothing but a kind smile playing over it. The warm-hearted girl at once gave her love to the stranger, and looked upon her as a sister who had suffered and wanted rest.

When Alfred Marthon returned, he found them standing side by side, Alice's arm thrown around Laura's waist, and their hands clasped together. "It was a picture not often seen, and he paused to gaze at Alice, small and slender, with love beaming from every feature; Laura, tall, commanding, with beauty and grace, thrown over her every motion.
"A picture to be seen once and forgotten," said Albert as he stepped on the porch, with a look of admiration on his brow. All she blessed; Laura knew it was an admiring glance at her, and returned it proudly.
"But come in," he added, "however beautiful the picture, we must not mar the coloring by too much exposure to the frosty air of these mountains." And he gave an arm to each, leading them into the house.

Four more days had passed, and he was standing under the old oak tree, thinking of a fighting. Love and duty had come to hand blows, and their battle field was torn, deep furrows were ploughed up, and it groined and shook beneath the contest.
"Alfred, I must go home," said a gentle voice at his side. "I can stay here no longer. Oh! Alfred, it is killing me to see your love departing; but I am willing that you should go. I would not have you without your love! And the pale face looked as though it was nearer death than life.
"No, darling, I swear—"
"Stop, Alfred, I know what you would say. I have witnessed your struggle, and I believe with your promise, you would marry through you hated me. Good-bye!"

"Stop, Alice! But she was gone. His head dropped upon his breast. The battle was over. Beauty was the victor; Love had flown; but so torn was the battle field that the victor found no rest there.
As the scene ended, another figure with a triumphant look in its eyes glided down an opposite path.
At evening Alice Williams went back to her home; and Alfred Marthon went back to his regiment. Beauty was left waiting.

CHAPTER III.
In order, reader, that you may fully understand the plot we are revealing, it will be necessary to go back near our starting point, but on the opposite side of the belt of woods we mentioned in our first chapter. In the evening of the same day that Laura Ferman dressed as an alrman rode up, and stopped in front of the old brick tavern. He was a splendid looking man, and although dressed in the uniform of a private, it was evident to all who saw him, that he was used to commanding. After dark he took the road towards Mr. Taylor's residence, where Laura Ferman was stopping; arriving there he asked for supper, which was furnished. The next morning the officer commanding on the opposite side of the woods, read the following dispatch:

FIFTEEN C. H., October, '61.
The enemy are very weak on their outposts. There is not a single piece of artillery on the hills. You have been deceived. The main camp is twelve miles in the rear.

I left Marthon and Alice Williams together. Would you like to know what passed between them, now that Marthon has found his heart again? Well, I'll tell you. If you are a young man, you know what you have often said to the lady of your choice in like situations. If you are a young lady, you know what your lover has often said to you, and the replies you made. If you are an old bachelor you ought to have it repeated as another sting to your conscience. If an old maid, well, I would not bring the tears to your eyes by recalling past days. If too young to be a lover or to have lovers, you have no business to know. You will find out soon enough. There you have all my reasons for not telling what they said and did.

The next morning after an early breakfast, Marthon and Alice, mounted on splendid horses, started off in a gallop towards the residence of old Mr. Marthon, the former believing that he was taking his security with him, to guard him against the charms of the beauty at his home; the latter intent upon trying to make, as she supposed, an unfortunate sufferer happy. No thought of sorrow crossed her mind, and she dreamed not that the serpent had already entered her Eden. The former gazed upon the affectionate girl by his side, and even thought her pretty, as she sat upon her horse and galloped by his side; but as they drew near home

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Not So Noisy as It Was.
The following from the La Crosse Democrat is one of the sharpest hits "Brick" Emory ever made:
"Hark! Verily, verily, it is very still about here! A change has come clear over the spirit of the nation's bloody dream! There is not so much blood as once, so much threatening in the air as there was. There is not so much wood thrown on the coals as a few years since.
Lincoln was a good man and went to Heaven. That is to say! If we say he went here, folks say we speak in sarcasm. If we say he went to the other place, down there, they say we are prejudiced. But he went somewhere, and that is all that counts."
Now listen!
There are not so many sneaking, begging, lying, chieving millions of tyranny about as there were a few years since to spy around corners, to peek into windows, to tamper with servant girls—to open letters and get a few dirty dollars for doing the dirty work of a cowardly administration.
There are not so many State Prison bids in Federal uniform as there were. There are not so many people-robbing, ignorant, drunken, plunder-baited, and condescended and drunken provost marshals and deputies to be seen as there were once.
Soldiers do not go about shooting Democrats and mobbing printing offices, insulting honest people, abusing strangers, and raising the flens as they did not long since.
There is not so much of a cry of "Copperhead" as there was, nor are people so rampant for blood now as they were a year or two ago.
It is very still! We can hear the patter of the footfalls of blood's mare as they patter on the road to Maryland! We can almost hear the spirit of Lincoln's rap at St. Peter's gate. We can quite distinctly hear the flat-footed ghost of martyred John Brown, as he tramps, wandering like, over the horse pastures of the spirit land, looking for some chance to steal one or more weird equines!

It is very still! So still it is almost painful! We used to denounce the President. Not this man, but that other man! We said he was a tyrant. We said he was not brave. We said he was not a statesman. We said he was a good story teller. We said he was a man of wax in the hands of bad men. We said he was naturally honest, but moulded to suit the wicked ideas of others. We said he was the head of a disunion party.
We said what we believed true, and what time has proved most wondrous true to the very letter of argument. For telling the truth we were called a traitor.
We were branded as a rebel, but a rebel is no coward.
We were waylaid, insulted, mobbed, shot at, arrested, denounced as an enemy of our country.
We were pointed at as a traitor, simply for defending the Constitution and standing by the people.
We were told that to differ from a President was treason.
That the President, even if a story teller, was the Government.
That the President was accountable to no one.
That it was treason, rank and bold, to differ from the President.
That to war against a President was to war against our country.
We were told that cowardice was bravery. That ignorance was ability.
That the art of stealing was the art of war.
That a fool was much better than a wise man.
That a thief was better than an honest man.
That the Generals who stole cotton, robbed defenceless women of silver ware and ornaments of their inheritances were better men than Washington.

That patriotism consisted not in honorable fighting, but in stealing, robbing, swindling and murder.
We differed from the lying whips who had the swaddling of the God and morality party, and came near losing our life and property a score of times.
It is very still now.
The bloody cowards of them do not converse so freely as once! There is not so much laughing up on the frost seats! The game of blood, treason and plunder is over with, and into the earth and intelligent law-loving Constitution defending people, giving to the world the elements that meddled with that which concerned them not—defied the law—insulting their brethren—robbed those they owed so much to—blasphemed God—wronged man and tickled the victim of their cowardice with bayonets pointed with hate.
We stood by the laws when to stand there was to snap your fingers under the nose of death.
Thousands of brave men in the country stood by the Constitution in the dark hours, full of hope in the future, which is now opening so bright for the people—so full of terrible retribution for the liars, the knaves, the scoundrels, fanatics, traitors, usurpers, bigots, abolitionists, and workers of ruin, who have so long stood beneath the altar and baptized us in innocent blood.
It is very still now.
Men who ran ahead of the storm and joined the Republican party for office, like rats on a sinking ship, are now paddling back to join the Democratic party, which is soon to be the party of the nation. Some are holding by the tail fast to Congress and reaching with forepaws for the patronage platform, reaching and stretching for pap and pottage.
Soldiers are not mob Democrats on their return from the war, as they have learned that Democrats are their best friends.
Office holders are too busy hunting for strippings now to kick at those who pass by. Some of them think Congress is the winning party, and they bet on Congress and the nigger.

Others think Johnson will come out ahead, so they endorse Johnson and the white man, swallow all they have said about Democrats, throw themselves on the bosom of "Copperheadism," and suck away for the patronage. Republicans are ready to fight, lie and steal for, and that Democrats can do without. Most wondrous still.
The shoulder-strapped officers of the late war have mostly slunk back to their corner grocers or beer saloons, or to whiskey peddling at the polls. They came and went as a scavenger's night cat passes by the door. They strutted and died. They left the generals of the revolution more great, loved and glorious than ever—more honored in their histories and characters. The latter day officers are mostly remembered as we remember Captain Kidd, Sixteen String Jack, Dick Turpin, Ben. Butler, and other celebrated thieves of ancient and modern times. There are a few honorable exceptions, but alas! too few to save our reputation in a national point of view.

**There at home, wrecks of their former selves, honest officers, who never stole from a defenceless foe, nor forsook the faith of their fathers for gain, or the honor of office; but they are the exceptions which make the rule.
And while it is so, still let the work of conversion go steadily on. Democracy is again in the ascendency. The star of hope has again arisen in the east. We have a great man for President. We have a man of broad views, of clear brain, of Union-loving sentiments, of nerve; a man who is a friend of laws, the people and the Constitution.
Somebody who wants a wife, publishes the following advertisement in a St. Louis paper:
"Warren! I have lived solitary long enough. I want some one to talk at, quarrel with, and when I am tired, to tamper with servant girls—to open letters and get a few dirty dollars for doing the dirty work of a cowardly administration.
There are not so many State Prison bids in Federal uniform as there were. There are not so many people-robbing, ignorant, drunken, plunder-baited, and condescended and drunken provost marshals and deputies to be seen as there were once.
Soldiers do not go about shooting Democrats and mobbing printing offices, insulting honest people, abusing strangers, and raising the flens as they did not long since.
There is not so much of a cry of "Copperhead" as there was, nor are people so rampant for blood now as they were a year or two ago.
It is very still! We can hear the patter of the footfalls of blood's mare as they patter on the road to Maryland! We can almost hear the spirit of Lincoln's rap at St. Peter's gate. We can quite distinctly hear the flat-footed ghost of martyred John Brown, as he tramps, wandering like, over the horse pastures of the spirit land, looking for some chance to steal one or more weird equines!**

A Wife Wanted.
Somebody who wants a wife, publishes the following advertisement in a St. Louis paper:
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Eloquence.—Gentlemen of the jury:—Can you for an instant suppose that my client here, a man who allures sustained a high reputation in society, a man all on you suspect and esteem for his many good qualities: yes gentlemen a man, what never dreads more nor a quart of liquor at a day; can you, I say, for an instant suppose that a man will so much as touch a glass of wine, or a box of percussion caps? Battlesnakes and coon skins forbid! Pictor to yourselves, gentlemen, a fatter still and soundly asleep in his log-cabin, with his innocent wife an orphan child by his side—all nature has in her reward, and might, and might, but the muttering of the silent thunder and the holing of the bull-frogs; then imagine to yourselves a fellow sneaking up to the door like a despicable demon, softly entering the dwelling of the peaceful and happy family, and in the most mendacious and distasteful manner, looking a whole box of percussion caps? Gentlemen, I will not dwell upon the most atrocious of such a scene! My feelings turn from such a picture of mortal turpitude, like a big woodchuck would turn from my dog house! I cannot for an instant harbor much less this vile man, and his vile wife, the idea that any man in these dignified, and enlightened, and intolerant body of our fellow-citizens—remembering that in the language of Ninrod, who fell at the battle of Bunker Hill, it is better

The Old Commonwealth.

HARRISONBURG, VA.

Wednesday Morning, - June 6, '86.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

ATTENTION THEATREMAN.—A business meeting of the first Rockingham Theatre Association will be held on Friday evening next. All members are requested to attend, as important business will be transacted. By order of the President.

POSTPONED.—By referring to our advertising columns it will be seen that the sale of Rockingham land advertised by F. M. Irvine and D. R. Hopkins, Esq's of Jno. H. Campbell, dec'd, has been postponed until the 15th day of August next.

FAIR.—The ladies connected with Mr. Bell's congregation will hold a sale of useful and fancy articles, with refreshments, in Harrisonburg, on the fourth of July, the proceeds to be applied to refitting their church building. Contributions and patronage from the benevolent public are respectfully solicited.

OUR ADVERTISERS.—We call special attention to the cards of Lloyd Logan, R. L. Gray, A. Nelson and L. T. F. Grim, of Winchester, in this week's issue. The business standing of these gentlemen is so well known in our community, that a reminder that they are again in the business world is all that is necessary.

NEW INVENTION.—A new invention, paper socks, is announced. The socks are made of paper and muslin combined. The inventors say they will last as long as an ordinary pair would keep clean, and they can be made so cheaply that their cost will not equal the price of washing.

ELECTRIC MAGAZINE.—The June number of this valuable magazine comes to us with its usual attractive table of contents. The Electric must justly be styled the Literary cream-pot, being made up of selections from the best authors of the day, at home and abroad. Those of our readers who wish to enjoy a literary treat monthly, we would advise to subscribe for the Electric. Terms \$5 per annum, W. H. Brownlee, publisher, No. 5 Beekman St., New York.

RAILROAD.—We understand that Richard Randolph, Esq., formerly engineer on the Alexandria, Loudon and Hampshire Railroad, with a full corps of engineers, started from Winchester on Monday last, by order of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, for the purpose of surveying the route on the proposed railroad from Winchester to Salem, in Rockbridge county. This will include the proposed Strasburg connection, and unless the Manassas Gap Railroad can be speedily rebuilt, will give Baltimore command of the Valley trade, which should, and ought, of right to belong to Alexandria. *Alexandria Gazette.*

SEWING MACHINE.—We received by express, a few days since, an exceedingly nice specimen of Yankee skill in the shape of a Sewing Machine, manufactured by Messrs. SHAW & CLARKE. We have given it a fair trial, and can recommend it to our readers. Its extraordinary low price (\$20.) led us to believe that it was manufactured for selling rather than sewing purposes; but in this we were mistaken. It does its work fully as well as the higher priced machines. In its construction, it is the simplest machine we have ever seen. It uses the straight needle and is not likely to get out of order by fair usage. Agents wanted everywhere for the sale of this machine, to whom a liberal salary or commission will be given. Address SHAW & CLARKE, Biddford, Maine, or Chicago, Illinois.

CURE FOR HOG CHOLERA.—A Western farmer says: He is convinced that bituminous coal is a sure preventative of hog cholera. He has four hogs that will average three hundred pounds live weight each, and now about seven months old. Some three months since he began to feed them daily with coal, and to determine the amount consumed weighed it. For the first twenty days they consumed one pound and a quarter each; during the past month he has resumed weighing, and finds that they eat two pounds each. He thinks this daily feeding keeps them in a more healthy condition. They have no desire to root like other hogs, as this coal supplies what they would get from the soil. He also contends that the cutting of the snouts to prevent rooting is a barbarous, positive destruction of the health of the porker. The hog does not root simply for the fun of the thing, but to supply a want of the system, and as coal answers the purpose he ceases to root, and lies down in lazy quiet. When the coal has been omitted for two or three weeks the propensity to root has returned.

Thad. Stevens who is now so bitter against 'rebels,' was not many years since, equally as bitter against Freemasons. At one time he was as demagogically determined on the annihilation of the Masonic Order as he is at present to wipe out the Southern people. He then struck as furiously at the Masonic Temple as he is now striking at the Temple of Liberty. He failed in patting down the superstructure of Masonry, and he will fail of making a wreck of the Union.

We learn from the Staunton *Virginian* that Capt. Paul was re-elected Sheriff of Augusta county. In Greenville district, G. M. Apple was elected Constable; M. Solon district, E. J. Bell; 1st District, T. Marshall; 2d district, Wm. Craig; Waynesboro district, William M. Bush. The vote was small, and no excitement was caused by the result.

Business men should read the notice of "wanted immediately" in another column. Those in want of help cannot do better than pay attention to this notice, as the advertiser is willing and able to attend to business.

Li the Staunton *Virginian*, our copies of "Surry of Eagle's Nest," and "Bill Asps' Letters" are worn out. These and any other books can be had at WATMAN'S Bookstore.

Lieutenant General Winfield Scott died on Tuesday, May 29, at five minutes past eleven o'clock, at West Point, on the Hudson River. Winfield Scott was born June 13, 1786, on the farm which he inherited, about fourteen miles from Petersburg, Virginia. The parents were William Scott and Ann Mason, natives of Virginia, who were married in 1780. The grandfather was a Scott of the clan Buccleuch, and, taking part with the Pretender, escaped from Culloden field, 1746, and landed in Virginia.

The Lexington *Gazette* announces with gratification that Messrs. McCulloch, Joyes and Allen, recently elected Professors in Washington College, have accepted and will enter upon the discharge of their duties at the opening of the session in September next. Rev. Mr. Lefevre has not accepted as yet but it is believed that he will do so.

The Parkersburg (West Virginia) *Gazette* states that the Grand Jury of Upshur county, in that State, has found a bill of indictment against Mr. Taft, the editor of a conservative paper at Buckhannon, for printing, posting and circulating a bill announcing a meeting of the friends of President Johnson at that place.

All business was suspended at Richmond, Va., on the 30th ult., and nearly the entire population visited Hollywood Cemetery, to assist in doing honor to the Confederate dead and to witness the strewing their graves with floral decorations. There was no formal ceremonies and the proceedings passed off quietly.

HELD OVER.—The case pending in our County Court between Jno. C. Woodson and J. L. Sturt, Mayor of Harrisonburg, and others, was on Saturday evening handed to the jury, who, failing to agree were discharged and the case held over for further trial.

The commencement exercises of the Virginia Military Institute, commence on the 27th of June and continue from day to day until completed. Application from those desiring appointments, should be forwarded by that date.

We learn from the Leesburg papers that Col. E. V. White has been elected Sheriff by 60 majority over C. S. Luckett, the present incumbent. A. J. Bradford was elected Clerk of the Circuit Court.

Judge Nelson, of the Supreme Court, delivered a decision in the case of a prisoner in the Albany Penitentiary, that the trial of a civilian in time of peace by court martial is illegal and the conviction void.

The travel to the Virginia Mountains, by way of Staunton, is rapidly increasing. Two hundred and ninety persons passed through this place last week, en route to the Mountains. *Staunton Virginian.*

The Charlottesville Chronicle says it has made careful enquiry relative to the recent disturbance at Gordonsville, between white men and negroes, and that nothing of the sort has occurred there.

Congress Hall at Saratoga, N. Y., was destroyed by fire at 10 o'clock on the morning of the 26th of May. Loss \$200,000. Insurance on building \$100,000; on furniture, 17,000.

The Masonic fraternity of New Market have revived Central Lodge U. D. F. A. M. The officers are Geo. W. Murphy, W. M.; H. M. Smith, S. W.; Geo. H. Calvert, J. W.

J. C. Robertson was re-elected Sheriff of Page at the recent election. Capt. Jacob Neff was elected Sheriff of Shenandoah county by 15 majority.

David Shaver, an estimable citizen of Rockbridge county, died at his residence near Lexington, a few days since.

Col. McCorkle has been elected Sheriff of Rockbridge by 172 majority over his opponent, Mr. Paxton.

We call attention to the advertisement of OSCAR G. MOSES & CO., headed "LIFE—HEALTH—STRENGTH."

See advertisement of Sir JAMES CLARKE'S, celebrated FEMALE PILLS.

Penian Excitement.—The Roberts-Sweeney wing of the Penians appears to have taken the field. Rumor says that a column, three thousand strong, has captured Fort Erie, on the Canada side of the lake of that name. Two thousand were marching unopposed into the interior. The head of the Penian column, 600 strong, had reached Black Rock on the 30th ult. They were accompanied with arms and ammunition. At Buffalo, N. Y., several regiments of Penians crossed in canal boats, commanded by Col. O'Neill. All the telegraph wires on the Canadian side are cut except three via the suspension bridge.

It is reported that they have torn up the telegraph wires in several places, and are seizing all the horses within their reach.

The Penians say that Gen. Fitzhugh Lee will command the cavalry wing of their army. We do not believe this. No fighting was looked for until Monday.

LATER.—A dispatch from Toronto says: It is reported that they have evacuated Fort Erie, and are now marching on Chippewa.

The frontier has not been invaded at any other point up to the present hour. An engagement on the Niagara frontier is looked for to-morrow.

A GRAND MASONIC CEREMONY.—The public ceremony of the installation of the Supreme Council of the ancient and Primitive Rite of Memphis, of the nineteenth degree, by the Third Hierarchical Grand Master, Harry J. Seymour, was performed last evening at Old Fellows Hall in the presence of three hundred ladies and gentlemen. The Masons were attired in their peculiar rich regalia, and the proceedings were dignified and solemn.

In the course of the evening the Most Worshipful John W. Simons, Past Grand Master and Grand Chancellor of the Rite of Memphis, delivered an address, in which he alluded to Masonry as a common platform for good men of all sects, opinions and conditions; and once there none might say to his brother, stand back, I am taller than thou. For the proposed erection of great hall and asylum for aged Masons and Masons widows and orphans, the speaker said \$160,000 had been subscribed; more than half a million of dollars were wanted. The Secretary, Grand Master-General, delivered an address on the Rite of Memphis, saying that in degrees of Free Masonry the further the advance the greater the enlightenment. The exercises were closed by a Masonic benediction. *New York Post, 30th.*

ANOTHER NITRO-GLYCERINE EXPLOSION.—Our foreign files report another tremendous explosion of nitro-glycerine, which occurred at Sidney, Australia, on the 4th of March. The oil had recently been received from Europe, and was intended for blasting purposes. The explosion totally destroyed the block in which it took place, leaving not one stone on another, damaging others in the neighborhood so that they would have to be pulled down, broke all the windows within a radius of three or four hundred yards.

NOTICES.—Rev. J. C. Stiles, D. D. expects to begin a protracted meeting in Mr. Bell's Church, Harrisonburg, on Saturday, June 6th, to continue probably ten days. Preaching every morning and night. All are invited to attend.

MARRIAGES.—On the 24th inst., by Elder J. P. Kirk, Mr. J. A. Strickley and Miss Barbara Hamann—both of Shenandoah county.

On the 24th inst., by Rev. J. A. Snyder, Mr. Lewis M. Miller (Winchester), and Miss Mary Ellen Clark, daughter of Rev. J. P. Cline, of Shenandoah county.

On the 24th inst., at the M. E. Parsonage, in Woodstock, Va., by Rev. John P. Hyde, Mr. William A. Larkins and Miss Helen C. Allen, all of Shenandoah county.

On the 17th inst., by Elder H. Jennings, Mr. Ezra Bowers and Miss Sarah Ann Brown—both of Shenandoah county.

On the 24th inst., by the same, Mr. Philip Fay and Miss Catherine Litter, all of Shenandoah county.

On the 24th inst., by Elder John P. Kirk, Mr. Desrosiers E. W. Myers and Miss Mary K. Fara, all of Shenandoah county.

DEATHS.—In Woodstock, on Tuesday evening the 29th inst., Mrs. Sallie E. Connor, J. S. Connor, Esq., Junior Editor of the Herald, aged 22 years, 1 month and 7 days.

THE MARKET REPORTS.—HARRISONBURG MARKETS, CORRECTED WEEKLY.

WHEAT.—Superior, 13.00; BUTTER, 25.00; Family, 15.00; BEEF, 14.00; LARD, 12.00; RYE, 1.00; CORN, 1.00; OATS, 1.00; HAY, 1.00; TIMOTHY, 3.00; BACON, 13.50; LARD, 13.00; FLOUR, 1.50.

RICHMOND MARKETS, JUNE 4.—FLOUR.—The market is firm and stock light. We quote Superfine 10.50; Baltimore Extra 12.50; Richmond Extra 13.00; Family 16; retail 17.50 and over. There are some common flour that may be bought at lower rates than our quotations.

CORN.—1 per bushel, yellow 90 cents. OATS 65 cents per bushel, weight. BUTTER.—The article is much more abundant, and the price has fallen accordingly. The best country can be bought at 25.00 cents a pound and has retained in the market for 40 cents for some days.

BACON.—We quote to-day's best 18c; shoulders 15c; Western hams 21c. Virgin hams 25c; retail 25 cents.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY, IN BRIDGEWATER.—I will offer at public sale, at the late residence of Daniel Nield, at BRIDGEWATER, Va., on Thursday, the 21st day of June, 1886, all the personal property of said deceased, consisting of BLACKSMITH'S TOOLS, DRILL, BORING MACHINE, HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c.

THE HOUSE AND LOT now occupied by Mrs. A. M. Nield near the center of the town of Bridgewater. Acting for others I shall convey to the purchaser, such title as is vested in me as Trustee.

WANTED.—The undersigned will at all times purchase FINE CATTLE, SHEEP AND HOGS. Parties having such to dispose of will find it to their interest to let me know something about it.

PAINTER'S MATERIAL, consisting of Paints dry and in oil, Brushes, Varns, sold by the can cheap at OTT'S Drug Store.

STOVE POLISH, BRITISH DUSTERS &c. For sale at OTT'S Drug Store.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Just received and for sale at OTT'S Drug Store.

IDE LAMPS AND SUSPENSION LAMPS. Suitable for churches. For sale at OTT'S Drug Store.

FISH, FISH—30 barrels of Herring and Mackerel. Just received and for sale at OTT'S Drug Store.

BANDAGES, WINES, WHISKY—All kinds at lowest rates, in PAUL & SONS.

BEST RIO COFFE. At 25 cents. Sugar from 15c to 20c; at SHACKLETT & NEWMAN'S.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY! PROTECTED BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

SIR JAMES CLARKE'S CELEBRATED FEMALE PILLS. Prepared from a prescription of Sir J. Clarke, M. D., Physician Extraordinary to the Queen.

This invaluable medicine is infallible in the cure of all those painful and dangerous disorders which the female constitution is subject to. It moderates all excesses and removes all obstructions, from whatever cause, and a speedy cure may be relied on.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Sale General Agent for the United States and British Colonies, J. B. MOSES, 27 Cornhill St., New York.

LIFE—HEALTH—STRENGTH. LIFE—HEALTH—STRENGTH. LIFE—HEALTH—STRENGTH.

THE GREAT FEMALE REMEDY. DR. JUAN DELAMARRE'S CELEBRATED SPECIFIC PILLS.

This invaluable medicine is an imposition, but it is unproven. Every species of Genital or Urinary Irritability, Voluntary or Involuntary Seminal Emission, from whatever cause produced, or however long it may have existed, will be relieved and the organs restored to healthy action.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS. The Genuine Pills are sold by all the principal Druggists throughout the world, price One Dollar per Box, or Six Boxes for Five Dollars.

CURED BY DR. STRICKLAND'S PILE REMEDY. Mr. Glas, of Janesville, Wisconsin, writes for the benefit of all who suffer with the Piles, that he has been troubled for eight years with an aggravated case of Piles, and his health was shattered, and he was unable to do his work.

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THE HARRISONBURG IRON FOUNDRY IS NOW IN FULL AND SUCCESSFUL OPERATION.

P. BRADLEY & CO., ARE PREPARED to furnish, at short notice, and on reasonable terms, as to price and time, CASTINGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, such as IRON CASTINGS, of their own manufacture.

TO FARMERS, MILL-OWNERS AND OTHERS! We have constantly on hand a large assortment of Planes of our own make, with full iron frame and overcrank. Every four-horse engine for 10 to 15 years, with the privilege of exchanging within 12 months if not entirely satisfactory to the purchaser. Second class Planes at prices from \$15 to three hundred dollars.

GRIM-VISAGED WAR HAS SMOOTHED HIS WRINKLED FRONT! D. L. POOL, HOUSE, SIGN AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTER!

FREE EXHIBITION! COME, EVERYBODY! Having just received a fresh stock of DRY GOODS, we have determined that we cannot be undersold.

IRON CASTINGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION! Having a general assortment of Patterns, we are prepared to cast in any material, and in any quantity, promptly, and on the "live and let live" principle.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC LIQUORS. "Law Building," one door North of Hill's Hotel, MAIN STREET, HARRISONBURG, VA.

NEW SPRING GOODS. R. P. FLETCHER & BRO. Have opened at their old stand, immediately opposite the Court House, a large and well selected stock of Spring and Summer Goods, which they will sell at the very lowest prices for Cash or Country Produce.

WOL. WOOL, 10,000 pounds wanted at highest prices. L. PAUL & SONS.

AN ADDITIONAL SUPPLY OF THOSE SUPERIOR COOK STOVES. SHACKLETT & NEWMAN.

VAN BUSKIRK'S Fragrant Scented Toilet Soap. For sale at OTT'S Drug Store.

COAL-OIL at \$1.00 per Gallon at OTT'S Drug Store.

IRON OF ALL SIZES AND DESCRIPTIONS. SHACKLETT & NEWMAN.

JUST RECEIVED—A lot of the WOOLEN SHIRTS AND DRAWERS. H. HELLER & SON.

10 BBLS. JAMES RIVER CEMENT. ISAAC PAUL & SONS.

LYON'S KATHARION, at the old established Drug Store of H. H. OTT.

PERFUMERY, Hair-Oil, Hair-Dye, Pomades and fancy goods generally, can be had at OTT'S Drug Store.

PRINTING! PRINTING! PRINTING!

ALL KINDS OF PLAIN AND FANCY PRINTING! PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

"THE OLD COMMONWEALTH" JOB PRINTING OFFICE, HARRISONBURG, VIRGINIA.

OFFICE—in "Law Building," (Up Stairs,) between the American and Hill's Hotels.

AS CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST! AS GOOD AS THE BEST! AS NEAT AS THE NEATEST! AS EXPEDITIOUS AS POSSIBLE! AS REASONABLE TERMS AS ANY!

ALL WE ASK IS A TRIAL! GIVE US A CALL!

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. HANDBILLS. We are prepared, with a splendid assortment of Type, &c., for the purpose, to print Handbills of every description, and of any style or size required.

POSTERS. Merchants and others desiring anything in this line are invited to give us a call. They will find it to their interest to do so.

HORSE-BILLS. The attention of Farmers is especially invited to our specimens in this department. We have selected Cards for illustrating Bills of this character. Come and see.

PROGRAMMES. Special attention given to work of this character. The most modern and fashionable styles executed with neatness and dispatch.

BUSINESS CARDS. All the latest styles of Cards for Business Men, Lawyers and others, neatly gotten up on the most reasonable terms. Sold by J. B. MOSES.

CIRCULARS. We are prepared to print Circulars of every description at short notice, and on the most reasonable terms that the times will allow.

BILL-HEADS. Every description of Bill-head printed neatly, on best quality of paper, ruled for the purpose.

LETTER-HEADS. Particular attention given to this class of work. All we ask is a call.

REMEMBER THE PLACE! "COMMONWEALTH" OFFICE. ESTABLISHED 1835.

CHAS. M. STEFF, MANUFACTURER OF GRAY SQUARE PLYERS. Factory, 84 and 86 Centre Street, New York.

W. M. R. POLK. Before the great fire at 137 Main Street, at present occupying the old stand of Chiles & Chery.

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS, which was bought principally since the great decline in goods and at prices that will sell at such small profits as deservably to be called.

THE CHEAP STORE OF RICHMOND Good Calicoes, 12 1/2 cts. per yard. De Lanes, 15 to 25 cts. per yard. Bleached Shirting, 12 1/2, 13 1/2 & 25 cts. Good Brown Shirting, only 10 1/2 cts.

GRIM-VISAGED WAR HAS SMOOTHED HIS WRINKLED FRONT! D. L. POOL, HOUSE, SIGN AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTER!

Respectfully informs the citizens of Harrisonburg and vicinity that he is prepared to perform in a workmanlike manner, all contracts which may be given him in his profession. His work is of the highest quality, and he is prepared to execute all orders for painting, papering or glazing, feeling confident that he can and will give entire satisfaction. Cash is no particular object, as he is willing for "grim visaged war" to "smooth his wrinkled front" to an additional degree of amiability before our citizens can pay cash.

FREE EXHIBITION! COME, EVERYBODY! Having just received a fresh stock of DRY GOODS, we have determined that we cannot be undersold.

IRON CASTINGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION! Having a general assortment of Patterns, we are prepared to cast in any material, and in any quantity, promptly, and on the "live and let live" principle.

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10 BBLS. JAMES RIVER CEMENT. ISAAC PAUL & SONS.

JONES' AGRICULTURAL Ware-House.

EAST MARKET ST., HARRISONBURG.

THE OLD RELIABLE AGENCY! J. D. PRICE & CO.

LOCATED AT Harrisonburg, Rockingham County, Va.

Every Implement or Machine WANTED BY THE FARMER OR MACHINIST, CAN BE HAD AT OUR HOUSE!

Every exertion is being made to furnish to our Farmers the most improved LABOR-SAVING FARM IMPLEMENTS, UPON The Most Reasonable Terms!

FARMERS, LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS! BY CALLING UPON US!

THRESHERS! TO BE UNEQUALED WHICH WE CLAIM

REAPERS AND MOWERS, OF THE VERY BEST! ALSO—

THE CELEBRATED WHEEL CORN PLOW, Which will thoroughly cultivate ten acres of corn per day.

PLOUGHS, HARROWS, SHOVEL PLOUGHS, CORN SHELLERS, FEED CUTTERS, FAN-MILLS, AND EVERY ARTICLE NEEDED BY THE FARMER.

Will be constantly kept and SOLD ON GOOD TERMS! Give us a call and examine our stock.

J. R. JONES & CO.

100 WROUGHT AND CAST PLOWS, JONES' Agricultural Warehouse.

SQUARE, DRAG AND GEDDES HARROWS JONES' Agricultural Warehouse.

3 DOZEN WHEELBARROWS JONES' Agricultural Warehouse.

SPADES, SHOVELS, FORKS, &c., at JONES' Agricultural Warehouse.

W. M. R. POLK. Before the great fire at 137 Main Street, at present occupying the old stand of Chiles & Chery.

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS, which was bought principally since the great decline in goods and at prices that will sell at such small profits as deservably to be called.

THE CHEAP STORE OF RICHMOND Good Calicoes, 12 1/2 cts. per yard. De Lanes, 15 to 25 cts. per yard. Bleached Shirting, 12 1/2, 13 1/2 & 25 cts. Good Brown Shirting, only 10 1/2 cts.

GRIM-VISAGED WAR HAS SMOOTHED HIS WRINKLED FRONT! D. L. POOL, HOUSE, SIGN AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTER!

Respectfully informs the citizens of Harrisonburg and vicinity that he is prepared to perform in a workmanlike manner, all contracts which may be given him in his profession. His work is of the highest quality, and he is prepared to execute all orders for painting, papering or glazing, feeling confident that he can and will give entire satisfaction. Cash is no particular object, as he is willing for "grim visaged war" to "smooth his wrinkled front" to an additional degree of amiability before our citizens can pay cash.

FREE EXHIBITION! COME, EVERYBODY! Having just received a fresh stock of DRY GOODS, we have determined that we cannot be undersold.

IRON CASTINGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION! Having a general assortment of Patterns, we are prepared to cast in any material, and in any quantity, promptly, and on the "live and let live" principle.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC LIQUORS. "Law Building," one door North of Hill's Hotel, MAIN STREET, HARRISONBURG, VA.

NEW SPRING GOODS. R. P. FLETCHER & BRO. Have opened at their old stand, immediately opposite the Court House, a large and well selected stock of Spring and Summer Goods, which they will sell at the very lowest prices for Cash or Country Produce.

WOL. WOOL, 10,000 pounds wanted at highest prices. L. PAUL & SONS.

AN ADDITIONAL SUPPLY OF THOSE SUPERIOR COOK STOVES. SHACKLETT & NEWMAN.

VAN BUSKIRK'S Fragrant Scented Toilet Soap. For sale at OTT'S Drug Store.

COAL-OIL at \$1.00 per Gallon at OTT'S Drug Store.

IRON OF ALL SIZES AND DESCRIPTIONS. SHACKLETT & NEWMAN.

JUST RECEIVED—A lot of the WOOLEN SHIRTS AND DRAWERS. H. HELLER & SON.

J. D. PRICE & CO'S COLUMN.

